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purchase land in Canada, than to vest it in speculations in Europe, or whose pride prevented them from engaging at home in occupations to which they had no objection at a distance from the observation of the world. It is hardly possible to stop the tide of emigration—to attempt to check it would be useless. But we will say, none can succeed except those who are not only industrious, but resolutely determined to get on;—none should emigrate but those who find they can do nothing here;—in fact, emigration should be looked on as the last resource of the industrious. If the emigrant be such, his condition is generally improved; but he will have to struggle with difficulties for a few years, before he can attain to that independence which he seeks.

Of the 51,185 only 3,346 passed on to the United States, and by far the greater portion of the remainder located themselves in the province of Upper Canada, to which all writers give the preference. Many citizens of the States, leaving their own less fruitful soil, annually cross the lakes to this rich and fertile territory. The climate does not differ much from our own—it is less damp, though the winter is of much longer continuance, and more severe; while the lower province and the States are subject to the extremes of heat and cold. In the latter, particularly, the changes from one to the other are exceedingly sudden, and very trying to an European constitution. The temperature of New York was thus described by an Irish gentleman, who had experienced its effects:—he one night shivered under two pair of blankets, and the next, the heat compelled him to throw off all the bed-clothes, excepting a sheet. Indeed, every circumstance is in favour of Upper Canada; however, all who are determined on emigration, should be well acquainted with the state and respective advantages of the various parts of the country to which they are going. For this purpose the poorer emigrant will find Martin Doyle's little work, or Evans' Directory, best adapted. In addition to these, a gentleman should not neglect to provide himself with the "Authentic Letters from Upper Canada." From this latter work we give the following extract, descriptive of the feelings (and also of their antidote) of the emigrant in a foreign land, when he thinks on the home of his fathers; and his bosom fills with regret for his native country, which few can leave for ever without emotion:

"I have now told you (writes one of the authors of the "Letters") many of the favorable circumstances of the country, which are decidedly very great; still, however, an *Irish* day of recollection, sinking the spirits down, will occur—and sometimes, notwithstanding the outrages and the murders, the politics and the poverty, of that unhappy country, I would give all I am worth to be walking beside you, shooting the Enfield Bottoms, as in those happy days we have spent together; again, these feelings banish, when I look at my rich land, unencumbered by rent or taxes, and ask myself, if I were back again, how could I command such certain independence."

C. H.

ON THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

The migration of birds has been justly considered as one of the most wonderful instincts of nature. It is common to the quail, the stork, the crane, the fieldfare, the woodcock, the nightingale, the cuckoo, the martin, the swallow, and various others, and is, indeed, a very curious article in natural history, and furnishes a very striking instance of a powerful instinct impressed by the Creator. These birds of passage are all peculiarly accommodated, by the structure of their parts, for long flights; and it is remarked, that, in their migrations, they observe a wonderful order and polity—they fly in troops, and steer their course, without the aid of the compass, to vast and unknown regions. The flight of the wild-geese, in a wedge-like figure, has often been observed; to which it is added, by the natural historian of Norway, that the three foremost, who are soonest tired, retreat behind, and are relieved by others, who are again succeeded by the rest in order. But this circumstance had been observed many ages before by Pliny, who describes certain birds

of passage, flying in the form of a wedge, and spreading wider and wider; those behind resting upon those before, till the leaders being tired, are, in their turn, received into the rear. "Wild ducks and cranes," says the Abbe de la Pluche, "fly, at the approach of winter, in quest of more favourable climates. They all assemble, at a certain day, like swallows and quails. They decamp at the same time, and it is very agreeable to observe their flight. They generally range themselves in a long column like an I, or in two lines united in a point like a V reversed." And thus, as Milton says,

— ranged in a figure wedge the way.

"The duck or quail, that forms the point," adds the Abbe, "cuts the air, and facilitates a passage to those that follow: but he is charged with this commission only for a certain time, at the conclusion of which he wheels into the rear, and another takes his post." And thus again, as Milton observes,

— with mutual wing
Easing their flight.

It has been observed of the storks, that for about the space of a fortnight before they pass from one country to another, they constantly resort together, from all the circumjacent parts, to a certain plain, and there, forming themselves once every day into a *dou-wanne*,—(according to the phrase of the people) are said to determine the exact time of their departure, and the places of their future abode.

Where the Rhine loses its majestic force,
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork assembly meets: for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now their route designed, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, cleaned their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheeled round and round, in congregation full,
The figured flight ascends; and, riding high
The aerial billow, mixes with the clouds.

THOMSON.

EVIL EFFECTS OF LOVE.

A greater number of young girls between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, and of young men between eighteen and twenty-four, fall victims to what they call *love*, than to any other particular class of disease; and more particularly in England and Ireland than in any other country upon earth. This is from the force of early impressions peculiar to these countries, and of comparatively recent growth, the effect produced by a certain class of romance writers. These writers give an obliquity to the young mind which leads to destruction. Scarcely has a young girl laid down her "*Reading made Easy*," than she becomes a subscriber to some trashy library; and the hours which, in the country, or in a land where education is unknown, they would employ in jumping about in the open air, are now consumed with intensity of thought upon the maudlin miseries of some hapless heroine of romance, the abortion of a diseased brain. Her "*imitativeness*," as Spurzheim would phrenologically observe, becomes developed, and she fixes on her favourite heroine, whom she apes in every thing—sighing for her sorrow, and moaning to be as miserable. She fixes immediately upon some figure of a man—some Edwin, or Edgar, or Ethelbert—which she thinks will harmonize with the horrors of the picture, and she then employs her tears and her tortures to her heart's satisfaction. Langour, inaction, late hours, late rising, and incessant sighing, derange her digestion—the cause continues, the effects increase, and hectic fever puts an end to the romance. We have known a young Irish lady who read herself into this situation. She was, at the age of thirteen, as lively, as healthy, and as beautiful a little promise of womanhood as the country ever produced. When the Leadenhall-street troop of romancers crossed her way, an officer of a very different sort of troop became her hero. She would "sit in her bower" (the second floor window

and gaze—and gaze—and gaze upon his steed, his helmet and his streaming black-haired crest, as he passed to mount guard, until she sobbed aloud in ecstasy of melancholy. She never spoke to this “knight,” nor did she seek to have an acquaintance—lest, perhaps, that a formal proposal, a good leg of mutton dinner, and all the realities of domestic happiness might dissipate the sweet romantic misery she so much delighted in. A year passed over—“she pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy,” entered a convent, where she died in a few months!

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

Louis the Fifteenth despatched into Germany a confidential person on a mission of importance; on this gentleman returning post, with four servants, night surprised him in a poor hamlet, where there was not even an ale-house. He asked could he lodge at the manor one night, and was answered that it had been forsaken some time; that only a farmer was there by day-light, whose house stood apart from the manor which was haunted by spirits that came again and beat people. The traveller said that he was not afraid of spirits, and to show that he was not, his attendants should remain in the hamlet, and that he would go alone to the manor-house, where he would be a match for any spirits that visited there—that he had heard much of the departed coming again, and he had long had curiosity to see some of them.

He established himself at the manor-house—had a good fire lighted—and as he did not intend going to bed, had pipes and tobacco brought, with wine; he also laid on the table two brace of loaded pistols. About midnight he heard a dreadful rattling of chains, and saw a man of large stature, who beckoned, and made a sign for his coming to him. The gentleman placed two pistols in his belt, put the third in his pocket, and took the fourth in one hand, and the candle in the other. He then followed the phantom, who going down the stairs, crossed the court into a passage. But when the gentleman was at the end of the passage, his footing failed, and he slipped down a trap door. He observed, through an ill jointed partition, between him and a cellar, that he was in the power of several men, who were deliberating whether they should kill him. He also learned, by their conversation, that they were coiners. He raised his voice and desired leave to speak to them. This was granted. “Gentlemen,” said he, “my coming hither shows my want of good sense and discretion, but must convince you that I am a man of honour, for a scoundrel is generally a coward, I promise upon honour, all secrecy respecting this adventure. Avoid murdering one that never intended to hurt you. Consider the consequences of putting me to death; I have upon me despatches, which I am to deliver into the King of France’s hands; four of my servants, are now in the neighbouring hamlet. Depend upon it such strict search will be made to ascertain my fate, that it must be discovered.”

The coiners resolved to take his word; and they swore him, to tell frightful stories about his adventures in the manor. He said, the next day, that he had seen enough to frighten a man to death; no one could doubt of the truth, when the fact was warranted by one of his character. This was continued for twelve years, after that period when the gentleman was at his country seat with some friends, he was informed that a man, with two horses, that he led, waited on the bridge, and desired to speak to him, that he could not be persuaded to come nearer.—When the gentleman appeared, accompanied by his friends, the stranger called out, “stop, Sir, I have but a word with you, those to whom you promised, twelve years ago, not to publish what you knew regarding them, are obliged to you for the observance of this secret; and now they discharge you from your promise. They have got a competency, and are no longer in the kingdom; but before they would allow me to follow them, they engaged me to beg your acceptance of two horses, and here I leave them.” The man, who had tied the two horses to a tree, setting spurs to his horse, went off so rapidly, that they instantly lost sight of him. Then the hero of the story related to his friends what had happened to him.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

Historians of credit record that Germentrude, Countess of Altorf, in Swabia, from whom the present royal family are lineally descended in the male line, having accused a poor woman of *adultery*, and caused her to be punished for having *twelve* children at a birth, was herself soon after delivered of *twelve* sons. Her husband, Count Isenberg, being then absent, she in order to avoid the like aspersion she had unjustly thrown upon the poor woman, ordered the midwife to carry out, and kill eleven of them. But the Count meeting with her, before she could execute this order, asked the midwife what she carried in her apron, and not being satisfied with the answer, *Woelpen*, i. e. whelps or puppies, insisted to see them. Upon which she confessed the whole affair; and the Count, enjoining her secrecy, put them all out to nurse. They grew up, and at six years old, were by his command brought out, and presented all in uniform dresses, to him and his Countess before the relations on both sides, invited on this occasion to a feast. Then the Countess acknowledged her fault, and the Count pardoned her; but in remembrance of their accidental preservation, he gave them the name of Guelphe. From the eldest of these was descended Henry Guelphe, Count of Altorf, created Duke of Bavaria, by the Emperor Conrad II.

The following French words will be found an extraordinary anagram, “*La Revolution Française*.” Take from these the word *veto*, known as the first prerogative of Louis the Sixteenth, opposed to the Revolutionists, and the remaining letters will form “*Un Corse la finira*,” in English, a Corsican shall end it.

TO THE EVENING.

Hail! gentle eve, whose mystic sway
My pensive spirit doth obey,
Whose balmy influence bestows
To anxious thought a sweet repose;
Oh! how I love with thee to stray,
As the last glance of parting day
On dewy plain and flowery dell
Is looking forth its soft farewell;
Or when each star with glistening eye,
Is bursting through the deep blue sky,
And from the ocean’s placid bed
The moon uplifts her radiant head.

And oh! sure now is the fittest time
To weave the sympathetic rhyme;
The busy hum of day is past,
And thou, mild eve, art come at last;
And bringest with thee such gentle voice,
As may the poet’s breast rejoice.
The streamlet rushing through the glade—
The merry song of village maid—
The breezy murmur of the grove—
The red-breast warbling to his love—
The rippling gladness of the wave,
That seeks its own loved rock to leave—
These, and a thousand sounds like these,
Make up, sweet eve, thy harmonies.

Oh! be it mine, inspired by thee,
To wake the flute’s soft melody;
And breathe along the shadowy plain
To fancy’s ear the grateful strain;
Or, glowing with a nobler fire,
Pour the full raptures of the lyre,
And to the great Creator’s praise,
Devote its bold and venturous lays,
Whose word alone bade those bright worlds arise.
To shed their blazing glories through the skies.

EDWIN.

DUBLIN:

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